

NOV 14 1921

**IL MISTERO DI OSIRIS**

*or*

**The Mystery of the Jewel**

(TALISMAN) /



## **"IL MISTERO DI OSIRIS"**

OR

### **"The Mysterious Jewel - Talisman"**

At all times painters, writers and musicians have felt the inspiration of Egypt's soil of light and greatness. But more than the surprising majesty of the Sphinx and of the pyramids is Egypt, speaking from its great memory, that thought which was brought down by the monuments immortal through the generations of 5000 years, impressing the human intelligence and the soul with its potent suggestions.

Many centuries before Christ, Egypt believed in the immortality of the soul and in this faith found the key to eternity. This great thought grew out of the Metempsychosi, the transmigrator of souls; they (the souls) reincarnate themselves according to their destiny of good or bad. Thus it represents the harmony of the universe, and for it nothing in the world becomes lost. Out of this faith logically was born the legend of Carma, the legend of vendetta. Each fault is punished through centuries in successive reincarnations until justice is done.

The heart loves many times, but the soul only once; and loving, sacrifices all. Misunderstood it comforts itself in the reigns of Crisis—the fountain of light, of knowledge—of the universal equilibrium; the eternity and the divine inspirations are for her and she



shall return to this earth forced by her destiny to punish the bad and revindicate the rights of purity. Thus is the philosophic salvation of the human vindicated. That is shown in this work.

#### EPIGRAPHE

The moon faded beyond the infinity of the desert. In the illuminated sky is the light of the day just born and the immensity of the pyramids reveal themselves in profile. All about is silence and solitude. On the cupola of the colossal Mennone appears a feminine figure—unreal—illuminated like a vagrant white cloud—and a mysterious voice cries out across the desert: "Araxiz, you are here, and I persecute you in the life and into death—in death and into life again. I will find you and follow you, Araxiz." With the greater light the shadow vanished and the mysterious voice could no longer be heard.

#### VISION 1

It is tea hour at the Grand hotel du Nil in Cairo.

The cosmopolitan throng is promenading in that quaint and delicious corner—filled with the perfumes of palms and roses. Raymond Benard, the painter, Dr. Power and George Hatterel are discussing the crowd in the garden.

From the side streets come the noises and the loud voices of the street peddlers, accompanied by the nostalgic music of the players,

who in the small Arabic cafes accompany the voluptuous performance of the Oriental dancers.

In one of the cafes Benard and Dr. Power watch with interest the performance of this Oriental dance. A ray of light appears and from the parted curtain emerges a figure veiled in white—the figure of the Princess Naija Baltagj. Benard is attracted by this mysterious beauty and immediately rises, but in a moment the curtain descends and when he arrives in the street his eyes search in vain for the princess. Like a cloud she has disappeared.

But at sundown, in the hour of prayer of the "muezzin" he sees her again. And while on the terrace of his villa she prays—his eyes remain on her in admiration and contemplation.

It is at supper time in the hotel du Nil when at midnight a late hostess is announced. The beautiful Princess Baltagj, clad in gorgeous clothes, appears, admired by the invited throng. Upon seeing her an expression of pain crosses Benard's face, and then in his mind a confused vision—tragic—outlines itself.

When he is introduced to her Benard murmurs: "Princess, I feel that I know you, though I have never been introduced. I wonder when and where we met before?" She smiles. "The world is so small that we had many chances to meet before this."

Her immobility, her ancient Egyptian costume, strike the imagination of Dr. Power,

who thinks he sees the living picture of the figure that closes the grave of the Faraone Araxiz in the "mastaba" of the colossal "Men-none." When he mentions this to her she does not seem surprised—that she should be told that she so much resembles the sepulchral figure, Naija Hermazel. Slowly, almost distractedly, she fixes her gaze on the Nile and murmurs: "She was very beautiful—and loved Araxiz—but for the throne and for the love of Ahmasis, he sacrificed her to death. But love is stronger than death. So it was—so it shall be." And displaying her aureo (jewel) she adds: "This is the symbol of the right of life and death—and it was shining at the head of Ahmasis when she was the bride of Araxiz." The mysterious light appears in her eyes.

On the following morning Benard receives the following letter: "If you want to paint the vision of Naija Hermazel on linen I shall wait for you before sundown.

—Naija Baltagj."

By sundown he is at her villa but his expression is sad and his hand nervous. "You are troubled, Benard?" she asks him. "It is strange—it seems to me I know so well your thoughts—I am not sure—"

"Here everything smells death," he answers. "This mystery oppresses me."

The girl laughs.

"Do you take me for a child or a crazy person?" he asks, confused.

"For both," she answers, "since you are a man."

He attempts to embrace her. She calls to her servants. Rebuffed, Benard leaves.

In the garden of the hotel Hatterel tells Benard: "Everybody is talking about your visit to the Princess. What do you mean to do?"

Benard, surprised, answers: "I love her. Maybe—"

"And I shall marry her," exclaims Hatterel. The two men measure one another.

Who shall win her love shall live; the other shall disappear. So it is decided. They part.

Some nights later a Nubian comes to Benard and tells him that the Princess is awaiting him, but his eyes must be bandaged. He gladly submits. Hatterel is watching and has heard. In the deep recesses of the colossus is the grave of Araxiz. Naija stands leaning against the cold stone. When Benard enters she speaks: "Here I am. If you love me I'll be yours." Violently he tears the bandage from his eyes, but the darkness of the place makes his vision uncertain. Then he sees the Princess leaning against the cold stone. She is mute.

"A King's grave," he exclaims, "How did I come here? Why is this the place for love—so much like death?"

"This is the grave of Araxiz," she explains, while her flaming eyes look at the sepulchre.



Benard feels himself growing cold and his vision, his imagination, are reproduced at the grave.

"God, what has Araxiz to do with me?" he screams.

"Everything. Examine yourself and look into the imprint of time," she screams at him with the light of the vendetta in her eyes, and with open arms she exclaims: "Remember, Araxiz; remember the love of Hemazel. She is dead but is returning for vindication. Tremble, since the hate is eternal, as love is eternal."

Benard, dumbfounded, feels the agonies of death and falls crying: "Pardon, pardon—" But her image vanishes and a mysterious voice calls: "Remember!"

## VISION 2

A barge, richly furnished, and guarded by blacks, comes down the Nile. The Sphinx, the palms and the oasis shadow that delicious corner, where Ahmasis, the Faraone, takes her bath. Out of the shrubbery comes a young man. From his place of hiding he observes the beautiful figure of the bathing one. A crocodile agitates the water with its tail—then furiously lunges toward the Faraone.

There is a scream and the Egyptian boy throws himself forward, seizes the animal and kills it. He brings the fainting queen to land and places her in her barge. Returning to the brink he says: "The Nile will probably never bring her back to me." He starts away.

He has gone but a few paces when he sees a jewel of gold shimmering in the sand. Picking it up he smiles in admiration. "It is the symbol of the right of life and of death," he says. "It only shimmers when on the forehead of the king or of one of his children." But in that moment the light fades and the sun is darkened by an eclipse. Then follows an earthquake. Through the chaos he hears a voice saying: "Araxiz, the prophecy has come true. This is the hour of revelation, Araxiz."

The man, who has spoken, comes toward the Egyptian boy. He bows to the hand of Araxiz and cries out. "Oh that jewel." The jewel hypnotizes him and he says: "This jewel is bound to your destiny and your destiny is fixed. You are a Faraone, son of the great Rameses." He falls on his knees and touches the hem of the boy's garment.

The roars of the animals far away in the desert reverberate frightfully over the rumble of the earthquake.

That night the man (Manafar) who spoke to the boy reveals to Araxiz (the boy) his true being, telling him, this story:

"While your father was reigning and you were still a child, an army of Caldeis overrun Egypt. It seemed that the last hour had come for the Faraoni. The Caldeis and the Egyptian armies met in a bitter struggle. The Nile was red with the blood of the fighters. Your father fought gallantly as the last of his soldiers—and won. Egypt was saved. But that

victory proved unhappy, for the saviour, the great Rameses, fell fighting.

"I took his last dying will, but when I came back I heard that Sanuascrit, the brother of your father, had usurped the throne. I knew that meant your death. I flew to the hills again—I hid you for many years and waited patiently for this night when you should have reached the age required to reign."

"Friends of your father—there are many yet left in Tebe—are waiting to greet you King."

His face transfigured and animated with fury caused by this revelation, Araxiz exclaims: "I shall vindicate my father. I shall conquer the throne that rightfully belongs to me."

Before dawn big fires announce that Tebe is waiting—that Araxiz is ready for the vendetta.

A group of friends come in armed barks up the Nile to greet the son of the great Rameses and bring him back to the splendors of the throne. But spies of Sanuascrit are on the lookout. A frightful silence follows the announcement of the plot in the royal house. The Faraoni trembles for his position as he knows he is wrong. He has not courage to fight the newcomer openly—and he is afraid to kill him because in his veins is the true blood of the Faraoni.

He takes counsel with his intimates. One of them whispers: "La Miliarda!"

A smile comes to the face of the ruler and he gives orders.

There is living in the streets of Teba a wild girl with magnetic power to look into the future and to control other people's thoughts. In her the Faraoni seeks the dark arm that shall defend his throne. In front of the image of Iside, this girl, known as "La Miliarda," terrorized by the will of the pretender, swears: "I shall meet Araxiz and with love or with death I shall stop him."

In the desert men are waiting. The fire Manafare has built as a signal reflects in the waters of the Nile. The vision of the wonderful Faraoni torments the boy. Manafare approaches him and says with bitterness: "Is it so intensely you love her then?" The boy replies: "More than my life." Unhappy one," comments Manafare. His words come like a curse, and the boy shudders.

"If it is true that I am a Faraoni why should I not love this girl of royal blood?" he asks.

"Because she is the daughter of one you should hate and kill," is the reply.

They go down the Nile, giving fire signals of their approach.

The sun is high when from the desert comes shouting and tumult. Soldiers and fishermen appear, and form a circle around the fire. In the center is a girl, bound, immobile she is almost laughing. Araxiz sees "La Maliarda" (The Witch.) "Let's bind her. She brings misfortune," is shouted. A hundred faggots are lifted against her. Before he can be stopped Araxiz rushes to the circle, pushes



the grouped men apart, seizes the girl and cries: "Who dares?" For a moment the mob is stupified; then it rushes at Araxiz.

Manafare and the Captain of Araxiz's troops comes to Araxiz's aid and there is a battle between the two factions. Araxiz's party is the stronger.

The Faraoni (Sanuascrit) takes the girl into his barge Araxiz and his party follow—there is a battle in the waters of the Nile.

Ati (Araxiz's captain) dominates the battle. Araxiz has the girl in the barge. One man screams: "To death—Sanauscrit wants him!" Araxiz jumps out of the barge to the girl. "You are a gallant one," she tells him.

The night is quiet. Only animal roars are to be heard around the fire of the Thebetians on guard preparatory to another battle.

Out of the shadows comes a mysterious figure, who calls: "Do you hear me, Naija? Araxiz—he shall not arrive in Tebe. It is the order of Sanauscrit and you have sworn obedience."

"I shall obey," she says, and the shadow disappears.

The eyes of the girl close. She shudders—her soul is laid bare. Araxiz appears—beautiful—to be wanted. A strange sense arouses her, like love, passion.

The Faraoni approaches that moment and says: "You tremble." The girl looks into his eyes and says: "I see into the future. All the stars prophecy that this happening will fall some day over me."

"Can you tell my fortune?" he asks.

"The light of the Orisis (jewel) shimmers on your forehead. You are Faraon," she answers.

He clasps a hand over her mouth, bows low and says: "Where do you know this from?" He shakes her to make her talk.

"I see you win a kingdom. You are victorious," she replies. I see a beautiful girl. There is a cloud in front of my eyes."

His expression changes and with her hand she covers his eyes.

"Look! What mysteries are in there?" he commands.

She fixes her eyes upon him. "I see another woman that loved—that died—you shall be fatal to one of them," she tells him. "Oh, great Osiris, that I should see her face." The forces leave her and she falls.

All is quiet. All are sleeping. Only La Maliarda is awake. She creeps to Araxiz. He is asleep. She uncovers him, puts her lips to his forehead, and shudders. A footfall sounds and she jumps up. A figure approaches and gives her a sword with the command: "Kill." La Maliarda takes the sword, trembles, glances about and falls on the sleeping boy. Then with a flash of fire in her eye she thrusts the sword into the breast of the fighter and with sword bloody in her hand she cries out: "Everybody awake. Save the son of the sun."

Those in the grotto awake, ready to fight for her. She is transfigured, exalted. With

sword in hand she tears off the ring of command from the finger of the Captain and leads the mêlée, crying out: "Stop. The street to Tebe is open." All kneel down and Araxiz starts for the city and his throne.

### VISION 3

In a house on the outskirts of Tebe a group awaits the homecoming of Capt. Ati. Everybody talks—Araxiz is in town. Manafare is sleeping. Araxiz, with a strange light in his eyes, says to the girl: "Don't look at me that way, Naija." She remains immobile, then an expression of pain flits over her face. She says: "You are afraid. The fire in my eyes makes the image of the other one go down. I read your thoughts—you love the other one." Impulsively he takes her, kisses her, and says: "You have saved me and if I shall be King you shall be Queen of Egypt because nobody shall stop my destiny."

Capt. Ati, working in the city to get the people together, occupies the basement of King Araxiz's palace, but spies of the King have heard everything and in his palace someone gives order for brutal treatment. "Before sunrise everything shall be finished," is the order. Capt. Ati, visiting the retreat of Araxiz, departs with Manafare. The Faraoni (Araxiz) is to join them after the first revolt in the city and to occupy the palace and throne of the usurper. The orders of Sanuascrit are carried out—before sunrise the church of Mennone is fantastic with the glare of thousands

of faggots. From heights Sanuascrit watches the battle. He commands surrender but Capt. Ati answers: "No, death is preferable." This is as a signal and both forces renew the battle. Meanwhile a big mob gathers in front of the king's palace.

Ahmasis surrounded by musicians and slaves, goes down to the palace. At that moment Araxiz and Naija appear. When Araxiz sees Ahmasis he cries: "She!" Before Naija can interfere he rushes to Ahmasis and says: "I have in my arms your divine body. Do you remember me?" He falls at her feet. The mob is surprised and rushes to attack him but at the command of Ahmasis is kept back. They put down their arms—a double circle of guards take Araxiz to the palace as a prisoner. Naija, lost in the crowd, cannot follow. Araxiz is bound in a hall. Ahmasis goes to him and tells him: "You saved my life one day. I haven't forgotten." "You know I am the son of Ramesses," Araxiz informs her.

She pales at this revelation. "What do you want of me?" she demands.

"I want the throne of my father—and from you, love."

The battle in the church continues. A rider comes to Manafare and announces that Araxiz is a prisoner. Manafare's men fall and give up, feeling all is lost.

In the hall of the palace sits Sanuascrit with his ward. Before them is Araxiz. Sanuascrit orders the galleries of the Necropolis closed.



"I shall hear you through the walls until your last scream of rebellion has faded," he announces to Araxiz.

"The friends of my father shall vindicate me," the boy replies. They hear the voices of the throng outside. Sanuascrit laughs at Araxiz and tells him to take good care of his followers.

In an unguarded moment Araxiz jumps on the King and takes off his ring. He is choking him and killing him when the guards interfere. Araxiz holds them off saying: "You want to kill me? Is that the way you treat the son of the great Rameses?" The guards pounce upon him and in the end Araxiz is overthrown and bound. When Sanuascrit sees him go he mutters: "Oh I am a wretch."

The mob revolt against the king. Ahmasis berates him asking: "You dared?"

"Am I not king of Egypt?" Sanuascrit demands.

"You are the usurper," she answers.

The king, softening, asks: "Do you love him?"

She nods. The mob, hearing, screams: "Death to the usurper. Sansuascrit to death." The king rises and says to Ahmasis: "Go and command. Be his life's saviour. The people want him and you want him."

The mob kills the king and screams: "The usurper is dead."

Naija follows Araxiz to the Necropolis. Her hands are bleeding from clawing the stone

in her efforts to reach him. Ahmasis enters the Necropolis with her servants. In front of the tomb lays Naija. The Faraoni asks:

"Who are you waiting for?"

"Araxiz is mine," Naija retorts. "Love is stronger than death."

A ray of hate shines in the eyes of the Queen and she gives orders that Naija be taken away. At the thought of losing Araxiz, Naija throws herself at the Queen's feet and cries: "I that loved him shall abandon him to you to save his life." Ahmasis gives the command to open the door. Araxiz, who has been waiting death, is roused by a woman's voice. A figure of Faraoni, like the sun, rises before him. He falls on his knees.

Soon after he, Araxiz, ascends the throne with Ahmasis as his queen. The repulsed girl, Naija, laying in front of the tomb, wails: "And he told me I would be the queen of Egypt. Every woman that loves is a queen—so it was so it shall be." And her glassy eyes see a vision without light, without hope.

The wedding feast takes place. There are dancers, and one of them, veiled in silver, disrobes. It is Naija. Araxiz is dumbfounded. Ahmasis offers her her cup of perfumed wine saying: "Drink, oh light of my eyes, drink!" The drink dazes the girl and she dances toward the Queen. For an instant, she stops, a strong light comes into her eyes and she leaps at the queen and seizes the symbol from her fore-

head. Araxiz orders guards to take Naija and kill her—and so she dies.

The mob screams: "Long live the King of Egypt." The vision of the past is now accomplished.

In the tombs there is a figure in half light of Princess Naija Baltagj. Terrible are her eyes. "Do you remember now?" she asks of Benard. "Pardon, pardon," he cries.

A hand upraises a sword, there is a terrible scream and Benard falls in shadows while the white figure of the Princess disappears.

Hatterel, terrorized, leaps up the dark stairs of the tomb and finds himself before the cold body of Benard. Something is shining on floor—it is a dagger with blood stains and a jewel (symbol).

The mystery of love and death has been accomplished.



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